A BIRTHDAY SONG.

A loving song to one so very loving.
With faith unfailing through unnumbered days
Were but to prove what hearts not any proving.
Yet love sings many lays.

What can be said that is unsaid, heart's dearest?
Still the old words we know are sometimes best.

The things most precious oft are what lie nearest,
Their value unexplored.

As the years whirl may they with every wheel sing
Bring in each season gifts they brought before,
With added sweetness, memories and healing
From out love's boundless store.

So shall each year give an increase of blessing
And closer draw the love's already near.
What once perchance seemed scarcely worth possessing
Has worth by love made clear.

With love begins our life, by love is tended,
E'en though at times its rule is hard to see,
Through all its changes till the journey ended,
Love perfected shall be.

—C. M. Payne in London Queen.

A Comical Courtship.

How a Young Man Outwitted a Watchful Mother, but Came Near Losing His Reason.

My friend Derriman and I were spending our summer holidays in a quiet little country village. Being a keen fisherman myself, my little life was spent by the riverside; my friend thought fishing anything but sport, so he wandered about, as he told me, admiring the beauty of the scenery. The scenery I afterward discovered was a certain Miss Morley, to whom he had brought an introduction. When he had known her for about five days, he was thoroughly convinced he was in love with her, and like other young men in similar conditions he was anxious to know his fate. He tried in vain to get her alone so that he could unburden his agitated mind, but circumstances, in the shape of her mother, were against him. Now, Dolly's mother, though anxious to see her daughter well married, thought it improper to allow her to be alone with my handsome friend. If they went into the garden together, she went with them; if they sat down on a seat, she sat down beside them; if they wandered by the river in the moonlight, she would take poor George's arm.

Derriman bore this bravely for some time, but at last he could stand it no longer and set his wits to work to discover some means of evading dear Dolly's mamma.

It was about this time that he confided his trouble to me. I sympathized with him, but could offer no solution to the problem.

"I've got it!" he shouted one evening, breaking in on my peaceful reveries.

"Got what?" I inquired anxiously, as I saw my friend careering wildly round the room.

"I mean I can fix the old lady," he said, apparently surprised at my stupidity.

"I thought it was her daughter you wanted?"

"So I do, but I want her alone. I am going to get a tennis net and rackets sent from town and teach her to play," said he joyfully.

"But don't you think Mrs. Morley will want to learn as well?" I asked.

"Hang it all! They can't both learn at once, and while I'm teaching dear Dolly I can find out all I wish to know."

I didn't admire the brilliancy of the idea, but that did not dampen his ardor.

"As you are going up to town," he continued, "you may as well send a tennis set down—a cheap one, remember."

The following day I dispatched the net and a week later returned to finish my interrupted holiday. On going to the hotel I inquired for my friend and heard that he had been away all day, so I strolled down to the Morleys, where I thought I should find him. The garden in front of the house was deserted, so I walked around to the back door. As I stood there I heard the voice of old Mrs. Morley. She was having a confidential chat with a neighbor.

"I am so relieved, dear Mrs. Gossip, for really I was run off my feet. They would walk for miles and miles, and there was I trudging after them. But now, thank goodness, he's taught her to play tennis, and I can sit here quite comfortable, and so long as I hear them calling, 'Are you ready?' 'Play,' 'You serve!' and 'Forty-fifteen!' I know that all is well and that the net is between them."

"Fifteen all!" was just then wafted on the breeze.

"There they go! Listen to that!" said old Mrs. Morley.

Having discovered where my friend was, I walked to the hedge behind which the tennis court had been made and looked over. The court was there. The rackets lay on the grass, and balls were scattered about, but no sign could I see of either George or Miss Morley.

"Thirty-fifteen!" broke in on my reflections.

Puzzled, I walked to the gate, and there on a garden seat in the far corner sat George, his arm securely round Dolly's waist, and every now and then between his caresses he was shouting out "Play!" "Fault!" "Forty-thirty!" "Deuce!" and then continuing his occupation as if nothing had interrupted it.

"What is the name of good fortune is the meaning of this?" I asked, going up to them.

They both started, and a bright blush mounted the fair Dolly's cheek. George jumped up quickly.

"You see," he explained, "we got so tired of playing forty-fifteen—tennis that we forty-thirty—he on this idea of pacifying the—game—old lady. She hears me calling out the score, and so she—are you ready?—thinks we are playing and does not disturb us. If I were to—fault!—stop calling out for one minute, you would see her head pop over that fifteen all hedge."

This sort of thing had been going on for some time, and George had grown quite an adept at it. In fact, it was almost impossible to talk to him now, for he would forget that Mrs. Morley was not listening, and his conversation would be continually broken by "Forty fifteen!" or "Thirty all," and I was beginning to get seriously alarmed about him.

The climax came one evening when Mrs. Morley had asked us both to tea. George had been in a most nervous state all day, and the sight of our host ess seemed to make him worse. Every time she spoke to him he would murmur some unintelligible remark, such as "Thirty all." At last Mrs. Morley became quite vexed and thought he had been drinking. I remonstrated with him, but to no effect. Dolly, seeing how strange he was, suggested another cup of tea.

"How many lumps of sugar?" she asked.

"Forty-love!" almost shouted George.

"Sir," said Mrs. Morley severely, "how dare you speak to my daughter like that?"

"Are you ready?" interjected George.

"Ready for what?" asked Mrs. Morley, perfectly amazed. "If you"—

"Outside," interrupted Charles.

"Sir, if you can't control yourself I'll go to the"—

"Deuce!" roared George.

This was too much for me, so I collared George and hurried him out into the garden.

Poor Mrs. Morley flew off to her room, her head high in the air.

Dolly followed me in tears.

"I have been afraid of this all day," she sobbed. "He's been shouting the score so much lately that he can't seem to get it out of his head. Oh, can't you stop him?"

"Play!" came faintly from George's lips.

"Please try," she pleaded.

Still he kept on, so I hurried him back to the hotel, put him to bed and sent for a doctor. The man of medicine filled him with many questions, but the only replies he could get were "Forty-fifteen," "Forty-thirty," "Vantage" and "Fault."

An anxious week passed. Every available piece of ice in the village was melted on poor George's head, and still he continued his raving.

Time, the greatest of all physicians, however, accomplished what the ice failed to, and after a couple of weeks' complete rest and the careful nursing of Mrs. Morley and her daughter George recovered.

Tennis is now no longer necessary. The court, the racket and the balls have disappeared, and George and Dolly stroll arm in arm through the garden without any fear of interruption, for Mrs. Morley understands.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Pitt Diamond.

While Pitt, the grandfather of Lord Chatham, was governor of Fort St. George in 1698 he became acquainted with a jewel merchant named Jamchund, who brought a diamond of great size for sale. He asked £30,000 for it in the rough. It should, of course, have been bought on behalf of the company, but Pitt, seeing money in it, could not resist the temptation of making a private bargain. He became the possessor of the stone for the sum of £20,400, and he was quite satisfied that he had behaved honorably when he paid the man, who on his part was also content. But the diamond was known to be worth more than Jamchund had received, and the transaction gave rise to a good deal of gossip, which in no way decreased when later on Pitt had the stone cut in England and sold it to the regent of France for £135,000. Even that enormous sum did not represent its true value. The stone was set in the royal crown of France, and it is valued in the present day close upon half a million sterling. It weighed 410 carats in the rough, but the cutting reduced it to 136 carats.—Mrs. Penney's "Fort St. George, Madras."

Divorces, Syrian Style.

Divorce in unenlightened Syria is even more easy of accomplishment than in enlightened America.

Three words spoken by the husband will put the woman away and out of the house. She drops whatever work she may be engaged in, seizes her youngest child—the rest belong to the father—and rushes off to her father's house, there to remain a disowned, degraded creature until another purchaser appears for her. If the first husband should repent his hasty action and seek to remarry the divorcee, he engages a professional fool, usually a half witted fellow who makes a living in this abhorrent manner, to marry the penitent's former wife and on the morrow of the wedding day to divorce her in his turn. A man may not renew the woman he has divorced unless she has been since married and divorced by another man.—Marion Harland in Presbyterian Banner.

Iceberg Designs.

All the architecture of the world is represented in nature's iceberg designs. Sometimes a little berg will have the appearance of an Arab's white tent as it rides on a desert boiling sea; another, its sharp outlines softened in the vaporous atmosphere, will appear like a domed mosque in green marble. A cluster of Chinese pagodas comes drifting slowly down the current, followed by a stately Gothic cathedral, early style. Then comes a coliseum, and beyond a huge man-of-war floats down the current, its stern submerged, with foam grandly breaking over it, the stern 75 feet aloft.

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SUNDAY IN ENGLAND IN 1760.

The Pleasure Seekers Were More Numerous Than Churchgoers.

Would you like to know how the people of London observed their Sunday 150 years ago? The churches were open, of course, and there were two services in every one, and in some there were three, also the responsible and respectable citizen took his family to church, as a matter of course.

He made a point of sometimes going to church as well and demanded the text when they came home as a proof of attendance. Alas, he little knew that the boys were larking all the morning, and when the congregation came out stopped the old women and got the text from them!

However, those who went elsewhere formed the majority. The fields round the town were filled with companies of men, called rural societies, who rendezvoused about all the morning and dined together at a tavern. The high constables went their rounds among the villages pretending to prevent profanation of the day, but they were separated by the publicans.

Informers were about threatening publicans, barbers and greengrocers for carrying on trade on the Sunday morning unless they paid a little blackmail. A shilling was understood to meet the case. Barbers sent their apprentices on Sunday morning to shave the prisoners in the Fleet for nothing, so that they might get practice.

Children were baptized after afternoon service, and a supper was given afterward to celebrate the occasion. At this supper the nurse, it was allowed, could blasphemously get drunk.

The beadles of churches were bribed by beggars to let them sit on the steps and ask charity of the congregation coming out. It was the best business of the week. The rails before the houses of gentlemen were crowded with beggars.

When the ladies got home after church they did not disdain to slap their servant if dinner was delayed. The fields between the Tottenham court road and the Foundling hospital were the resort of the sporting fraternity, who were assembled to enjoy the innocent diversions of duck hunting and cat hunting with prizefighting, quarterstaff, wrestling and other sports.

The pleasure gardens were open all day long. People crowded to them in the early morning for breakfast and staid all day. At 2 there was an ordinary, in the afternoon and evening an organ recital, there was tea in the alcoves, and in the evening there was supper.

In the evening, when they reluctantly came away, with as much punch as they could hold, they formed themselves into bands for purposes of protection, while the Scotch ballads leaked out on the road for single passengers, of haply drunken passengers, whom it was easy and a pleasure to rob.

And this was the way of a Sunday in June or July, 1760.—London Queen.

JAMES COULDN'T IMAGINE.

A Story That a New York Clubwoman Tells About Herself.

Here is a good story which a clubwoman tells about herself:

"At one time," she says, "we had a colored butler who lived with us for years, and who admired my husband immensely. He thought that Dr. H. was a marvel of manly beauty, as well as the embodiment of all the virtues, domestic, professional and otherwise. Of course I quite agreed with the butler on this point, but the fact is I sometimes pined to have him pass his enthusiastic compliments around to the family and not bestow them all on the doctor. So, one morning, when Dr. H. had just left the breakfast table and was even then to be seen, an imposing picture, as he stood on the front steps drawing on his gloves, I remarked to James:

"'Dr. H. is a handsome man, isn't he?'

"'Yes, ma'am. Deed an he is, ma'am!' with gratifying enthusiasm.

"Then, hoping to get a rise from James, I added with an absentminded air, as if I scarcely knew what I said, but was just uttering my inmost thoughts:

"'How in the world do you suppose that such a handsome man as Dr. H. ever happened to marry such a homely woman as I am?'

"With James just stopped short and rolled his eyes and shook his head as if he gave it up. Then he ejaculated:

"'Heaven knows, ma'am!'"—New York Sun.

Light From Sugar.

A phenomenon in the cause of which has not yet been satisfactorily explained, was described at a meeting of the British association. Disks of loaf sugar were mounted on a lathe and rapidly rotated while a hammer played lightly against them. An almost continuous radiation of light was observed from the sugar. It was shown that the light did not arise from heating of the sugar, and it is believed to be caused by some change taking place in the sugar crystals. The act of crystallization is known to be sometimes accompanied by flashes of light. The practical bearing of these experiments is on the question of the possibility of obtaining artificial light by methods as yet untried.—Youth's Companion.

A Poser.

Mrs. Jibbins (after gazing on a globe in a shop window)—Well, nothing won't persuade me but what the world's flat.

Mrs. Trimmins—Well, Mariar, if the world's flat, how can yer account for 'Averstock hill?—London Punch.

Was Gathered In.

Watkyns—What did you say to your wife, anyhow, when you proposed?

Bjones—Well—I—er—well—the fact is, Mrs. Bjones was a widow when I married her.—Somerville Journal.

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A COMPARISON.

I'd rather lay out here among the trees,
With the single birds and bumblebees,
A knowin that I can do as I please,
Than to Rip what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.

For I really don't "partly understan'"
Where the comfort is for any man
In walkin out linked with a lass
And enjoyin himself as he says he can,
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, Bobbie you'll say,
A livin out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way.
But an hour out here's better'n a day
Up thar in the city.

As for that, just look at the flowers around,
A people their heads to all over the ground,
And the fruit here on the trees a-hangin down,
You don't find such easy-goin times in town,
Or, rather, in the city.

As I said a while, such things as these
The flowers, the birds and the bumblebees,
And a livin out here along the trees,
Where you can lay down and rest and take your ease
please—
Make it better'n a society.

Now, all the sick don't "mount to much,"
I don't see where he's a-bein rough,
And I'm sure it's pretty good enough,
And, "comparisons are odorous," as they say,
As true to the city.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A WOMAN'S GAME

By M. Quad.

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When Captain Jabez Bebee of Marblehead launched his new brig he named her the Jane Bebee, after his wife, who had sailed with him for many a voyage and was almost as good a sailor as he was. The first voyage of the brig was to a certain South American country ruled by a dictator, who carried things with a high hand for about six years and got away with a lump of money just in time to avoid the revolution that his corrupt practices had evoked. The craft arrived after a nine run and was waiting to haul in to the wharf when the official came aboard and demanded a loans of $1,000 for permission to port charges and customs dues and was directly from Don Castro. It was a small matter, but Captain Bebee and Aunt Jane, as the captain's wife was generally called, looked at it in a proper light and said to her husband:

"Jabez Bebee, we won't pay it, and you tell him so straight from the shoulder. No, not a blessed penny. They are just trying to bluff us, and we won't submit. You just run up the American flag, set the hands to whistling 'Yankee Doodle' and let this here don know that the American eagle is roosting on the cap of the mainmast."

The captain listened up and became defiant, and Don Castro's messenger was sent away with a flea in his ear. It was the general opinion that the dictator would wilt, but the brig lay at anchor in the harbor for 48 hours a

AUNT JANE RUBBED HER HANDS AND SMILED.

one pretense or another and was forbidden to either haul into the wharf or sail for another port. Then Jabez Bebee sent word ashore requested to assert and maintain that the government represented by the eagle would stand no trifling with one of its representative citizens, especially one hailing from Marblehead and in command of a new brig which had logged off seven knots an hour with her yards checked in. He had also thunder duly prepared and his lightning handy by, but he struck a snag almost at once. Don Castro was a man who would not have hesitated to bluff the combined powers of the world if there had been $500 in sight for him. The wily old rascal also thoroughly understood statecraft and the number of years that would elapse by while an offended government was making an official investigation into any of his acts, official or private. He would be out of it long before the state department at Washington got a move on, and he wasn't worrying as to what might happen to his successor.

"Pay me a thousand dollars and you can discharge cargo," was his answer to Captain Bebee.

Then the captain of the Jane Bebee turned the American eagle loose and encouraged the bird to make things redhot, but when he had finished and was helping the perspiration from his brow the dictator threw one leg over the arm of his chair and calmly replied:

"Yes, I've heard of some country or other called the United States, but it's a one horse affair and no go here. I'd agree for a small sum of ready money to wipe your country off the face of the map and not be over two weeks doing it either."

Just opposite the brig's anchorage as an old dirt fort mounting four guns and garrisoned by a dozen soldiers. The guns were old and honeycombed, and had one been charged with a pound of powder it would have blown itself out of the fort; but this fact was unknown to us as strangers. Captain Bebee came aboard with a long face, and in reply to his wife's query he explained what had taken place ashore. The matter was talked over for an hour, and it was finally decided that the captain should go ashore again and let his wife land when she chose. As an American flag, set the hands to whistling 'Yankee Doodle' and let this here don know that the American eagle is roosting on the cap of the mainmast."

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A Child's Bath.

A tepid bath for a child should have a temperature from 85 to 90 degrees F., and a hot bath 98 3-5 degrees F., which, as I said before, is the normal temperature of the inside of the body. This will cause relaxation in case of convulsion or sweating in case of fever. The water should be gradually blurred until the hand of the mother finds it noticeably warm, care being had always to remember the extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of a child's skin.

In case of debility and for scrofulous children and those threatened with rickets a salt water bath every morning, either hot or cold, according to season, is very valuable. To prepare this bath use four ounces of sea salt to four gallons of water. Let the child play in the water a little while, then rub the body briskly with a Turkish towel till the skin is in a glow.

To make a good mustard bath use two ounces of powdered mustard to four gallons of water. This is excellent as a footbath and relieves congestion of the head and is often useful in the first stages of a cold on the chest. In cases of extreme exhaustion and threatened collapse a child can be immersed up to its neck, and the bath will act as a stimulant, but whenever one is using a hot bath for any reason the head should always be sponged with cold water.—Pilgrim.

Prohibited Coffee Houses.

So many coffee houses sprang into existence during the reign of Charles II. that he, entertaining a belief that many political intrigues had their beginning in those places, issued an edict ordering them to be closed. In this proclamation the following words occurred: "The retailing of coffee or tea might be an innocent trade, but it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies and scandalize great men; it might also be a common nuisance."

THE PROFESSOR'S BABY.

Medical Students Provided a Surprising Array of Presents For It.

"When I was a medical student in the University of Pennsylvania," said the doctor, "the boys celebrated an interesting event in the domestic life of one of the professors in a unique way. The news that the favorite professor was a happy father reached the students on Thursday morning and that afternoon and evening there were committations held all over the university buildings, and sundry dimes and quarters were collected by two or three of the students, who constituted a sort of finance committee. Every Friday morning the professor gave a lecture to the students in the amphitheater. The subject for the lecture that week was 'The Relation of the Sympathetic Nervous System to the Nerve Centers of the Brain,' and half an hour before the time set for the lecture every man in the class, which numbered about 350, was in his place waiting for the fun to begin and glancing now and then toward the three long operating tables in the center of the room.

"Promptly at 10 o'clock the door opened and the favorite professor entered the amphitheater. He carefully closed the door behind him, then with a self conscious clearing of his throat turned toward the class. At the first glance his jaw fell, while every one of the 350 fiends in the seats above began to yell at the top of his lungs. Spread out upon the three long operating tables were about 150 baby's toys and furnishings of every kind and description. There were rattles by the dozen, a silver dollar of all sizes, a toy cooking stove, a baby carriage, an embroidered flannel petticoat, a nursing bottle lying in a pasteboard glass, a pair of little blue kid shoes and other things too numerous to mention. After the first shock of surprise and embarrassment the professor was game. He thanked us in a speech peppered with five syllabled words, for our thoughtfulness in thus providing for the future needs of his offspring, but he observed, after a careful examination of the various instruments of infantile delight spread out before him, that we had forgotten one thing, a bottle of paregoric. Then he yawned in a way suggestive of midnight vigils and turned his attention to 'The Relation of the Sympathetic Nervous System to the Nerve Centers of the Brain.'

"But he was not allowed to proceed beyond the first sentence of two. His attention was drawn to the blackboard, where some student of artistic tendencies had drawn an elaborately decorated design in red, white and blue chalk. 'Is Marriage a Failure?' The poor professor, seeing that there was no possibility of a serious lecture that morning, entertained us for about ten minutes on the text posted on the blackboard; then, after inviting us all to visit the newcomer in the immediate future, he marched off to the music of 350 voices singing, 'Go to Sleep, My Little Pickaninny' and 'Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bowwow.'"—New York Sun.

A SCENE OF BUTCHERY.

The Slaughter That Came With the End of the Janizaries.

On the 15th day of June, 1826, the whole corps of the janizaries in the capital assembled, overturned their camp kettles (the signal of revolt) and advanced upon the seraglio. With his own hand the sultan unfuried the sacred "sanjak sherif" and called upon the true believers to rally round their khalah and caliph, and the zealous Musulman citizens rushed from all quarters and rallied under the sacred symbol. The ranks of the janizaries were raked with grape and solid shot by "Black Hell" (a nickname for Ibrahim, general of artillery) and his gunners as they pressed through the streets, compelling them to fall back to the Etmeidan, where they defended themselves with extraordinary fierceness, slaying great numbers of their assailants. The artillery, supported by the marines and the bostangi, pressed forward and compelled them to retreat to their barracks, where they offered desperate resistance to the assault.

From every street cannon thundered on the walls without intermission, the building was soon in flames, the walls torn and battered down by grapeshot, and the janizaries, overwhelmed by ruins, shot and flames, perished in their burning and blood stained barracks. For two days the gates of the city remained closed, and with relentless vigor every corner was searched for such janizaries as had escaped the general massacre, and when found they were hastily executed. Nearly 20,000 janizaries were destroyed on this memorable day, and many thousands were afterward put to death in the various cities of the empire, and thus not one of the number under arms was left to tell the tale.—Self Culture.

Accounted For the Pit.

Hon. George R. Peck so keenly appreciates a good joke that he tells the following on himself:

"When, after a foreign trip, I was being welcomed by some of my friends in Topeka, I wore a suit of clothes made by a London tailor that was uncomfortably tight in places. I expressed my surprise that a loose fit in London should prove a tight fit in Topeka, whereupon an Irishman of the party exclaimed:

"'Mr. Peck, don't forget you're a bigger man in Topayka than you were in London.'"—Chicago Journal.

Untimely Nap.

"What time did the hotel catch fire?"

"Midnight."

"Everybody get out safely?"

"All except the night watchman. We couldn't wake him up in time."—Boston Traveler.

The Danger of It.

The man with too many irons in the fire is sure to take one by the hot end.—Dallas News.

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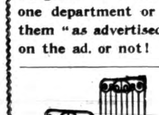

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